

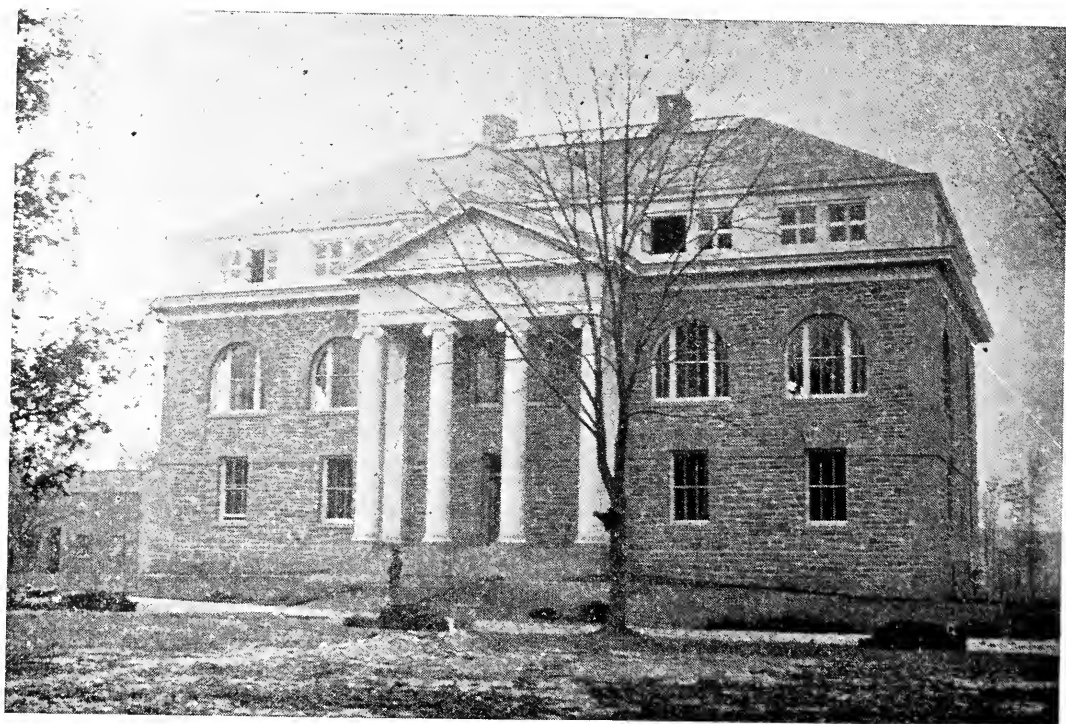
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The Root Hall of Science.



The Benedict Hall of Languages.

Δωρίσδεν δ' ἔξεστι, δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέεσσιν.

Presentation Holiday
Hamilton College
November 16th
1897
In the College Chapel

Printed by the College,
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THE COURIER PRESS,
Clinton, N. Y.

By Way of Narrative.

Tuesday, Nov. 16th, 1897, will be a day long remembered by those men of Hamilton and their throngs of warm-hearted friends who shared in a celebration which was occasioned by the completion of two new stately College buildings and the rebuilt interior of the old Chapel. Invitations had been issued to all the graduates and to many of the larger friendly constituency of the College. The morning came with uncertain skies and the day passed into a wild autumn storm: but, undaunted, a goodly company poured up the venerable hillside and crowded the reopened Chapel to the doors. A great number of eager and loving letters of remembrance and good-will were received from those who could not be present in person. The Trustees met at ten in the Library, these out of the full twenty-eight being present: *Messrs.* KINGSLEY, MILLER, MOLLISON, DIVEN, NORTH, ROOT, C. A. HAWLEY, HUDSON, SILLIMAN, BROCKWAY, POMEROY, CATLIN, DUNHAM, TOMPKINS, STRYKER, SMYTH, LOCKE, SOPER, BENEDICT. As one item of business, it was resolved to hold the exercises of next Commencement Day (June 30, '98) in the Chapel, whose capacity is now equal, or nearly equal, to that of the 'Stone Church' in Clinton. Escorted by the Seniors ('98) the Trustees proceeded toward the Chapel, at eleven; across the Campus from Silliman Hall came the Faculty preceded by the Juniors ('99); into the bannered and shouting line swung '1900,' with drums and fife; after them '1901'. Up rose the enthusiastic audience as with rattling cries the classes found their places, and then, after an orchestral medley of college and popular airs from the musicians of Gioscia and Gartland, of Albany, broke out the old strains of "*Cheer, boys, Cheer*"! The celebration for which three hours seemed not too long was begun. Never had the Chapel nor any other room witnessed such a racket of enthusiasm for Hamilton. Each speaker in turn, and many points and references, brought the college up with banging cheers, treble voices chiming in the broadsides, and over and over again it was 'one more' and, RAH! RAH! RAH! HAMILTON! The solid walls will never forget those echoes.

As the guest of honor, FRANK S. BLACK, Governor of New York, entered, escorted by Congressman JAMES S. SHERMAN, '78, and a group of distinguished citizens, everything vocal broke wide open, and the silken flags waved in the resonant air. With grace and dignity, FRANKLIN D. LOCKE, '64, presided. The well-prepared choir gave two College songs:

and "Our inmost love beguiling,"

"With word and will united,"

and at the last the whole crowd joined in these lines:

Tune: "Knight's Farewell", in C.

SING, DAY OF MERRY GREETING !

With pulses march-time beating,
From all life's twilight valleys

Her boys our True Love rallies ;
With high acclaim we heed her will,—
The darling Dame on College Hill !

Fond memories unnumbered

Arouse that long have slumbered,
Back troop the halcyon mornings
We hurried at thy warnings :
Our hearts are thine and all is well,
Ring *Auld lang syne*, dear College bell !

The old boys and the new ones

Alike are staunch and true ones ;
Triumphant be our singing,—

Set all the old place ringing !
For fairer one was never seen,
And HAMILTON shall be our queen !

So, while the years grow older,

Put shoulder firm to shoulder.

Let century shadows lengthen,

If love and hope but strengthen ;

By what is past, for what shall be,

Our trust stands fast, O God, in Thee !

Orchestral music came here and there: but the charm of the hours was the convinced and convincing accent of fealty, of deep feeling, of determined purpose, which ran thro all the spoken words. Unfortunately no exact list was gathered of the alumni and guests, but this partial list, in the order of classes, names some of the graduates who were present. L. M. Miller, Edward North, T. M. Pomeroy, Alex. Dick, D. A. Holbrook, T. B. Hudson, W. A. Bartlett, C. C. Kingsley,

W. H. Maynard, D. Scovel, Oren Root, A. N. Brockway, T. Catlin, G. M. Diven, G. S. Hastings, C. A. Hawley, G. M. Weaver, H. P. Bigelow, H. Ward, W. A. Cobb, H. V. Bostwick, F. D. Locke, Elihu Root, D. W. Bigelow, H. B. Tompkins, J. H. Cunningham, A. C. Soper, E. S. Williams, D. Finn, J. D. Henderson, H. H. Benedict, L. R. Foote, C. E. Allison, F. H. Gouge, D. H. Carver, A. G. Benedict, H. C. G. Brandt, A. S. Hoyt, B. G. Smith, M. W. Stryker, A. M. Wright, Ar. Jones, C. S. Lord, D. Holbrook, C. S. Truax, G. P. Bristol, G. Griffith, J. S. Sherman, G. E. Dunham, R. R. Lyon, F. H. Peck, Gil. Reid, L. N. Southworth, W. M. Griffith, Clinton Scollard, W. M. Bristol, F. M. Calder, F. D. Smyth, H. M. Love, E. B. Root, C. H. Davidson, J. B. Rodgers, B. W. Arnold, Edw. Fitch, L. G. Colson, J. R. Myers, C. B. Rogers, A. R. Kessinger, Walter Mitchell, Spencer Kellogg, W. H. Squires, E. L. Hockridge, C. H. Warfield, M. G. Dodge, F. K. Gibbons, J. D. Ibbotson, C. H. Smyth, D. D. Smyth, T. E. Hayden, D. C. Lee, H. P. Osborne, G. M. Weaver, C. H. Dudley, C. A. Frasure, C. T. Ives, C. W. Mason, S. W. Rice, W. P. Shepard, T. C. Brockway, L. N. Foote, C. J. Gibson, D. L. Roberts, F. H. Ralston, G. A. Watrous, I. J. Greenwood, G. E. Stone, E. S. Babcock, H. J. Cookingham, jr., B. B. Taggart, S. N. Thomas, A. W. Boesche, C. A. Fetterly, H. K. Webster.

Pres. Robert E. Jones, D. D., of *Hobart*; *Dean* N. L. Andrews, Ph. D., of *Colgate*; Mayor Thomas E. Kinney, of Utica; Thomas R. Proctor, Garry A. Willard, Supt. G. A. Blumer, Hon. John Williams, Rev. John R. Harding, Rev. Oliver Owen, Rev. R. C. Hallock, and scores besides of the citizens of central New York, whose names were not collected, added to the brilliant and representative company.

Some five hundred guests passed to the collation in the Soper Gymnasium, where later the Juniors held their Promenade far into a brilliant and happy night. The new Steuben Field was dedicated to victory by a football score of 12-0 over the New York University. It was the day of a decade. No technical architectural descriptions of the new structures are here attempted; they may be found in the generous reports given by the Utica, Rome, and Clinton papers of November 17: but the architects, Messrs. Carrerè and Hastings, of New York, and Fredk. H. Gouge, '70, of Utica, were universally praised by all who inspected the results of their skill.

These were the presentations:

- The Root Hall of Science.
- The Benedict Hall of Languages.
- The rebuilt Chapel interior.
- The stone Apse.
- The Campus addition.
- The Steuben Field.

The prayer was made by WILLIAM ALVIN BARTLETT, D. D., '52, and the benediction was given by the venerable LINUS M. MILLER, D. D., '40.

The brief but hearty and manly remarks of Governor Black were received with unbounded cordiality. The College appreciated the distinguished honor of his presence and showed its appreciation heartily.

These were the various addresses.—

FRANKLIN DAY LOCKE, A. M., Esq., of Buffalo, Class of '64, and President of the day :

“ This is a great day for Hamilton College. In my time here we often celebrated union victories, reported or real. We celebrated some election results, but there was even no tradition current of such an event as this. And we are all entitled to share in the happiness of this great day. The students, present and to come, who will have the immediate enjoyment of these good things which are to be given; the President and Faculty, who can see in them the reward of good work meriting the confidence and backing evidenced by these generous gifts; and not only Faculty and students, but all the remaining body of Alumni and friends of the old College who believe in it and wish it prosperity.

In the nature of things, the events which we celebrate today must mark the beginning of a new era in the life of this institution. They mean that under the administration and lead of a wise, capable and devoted executive, the Alumni are beginning to rally.

And why should not the Alumni rally ! The college was never doing better or more effective work than it is today. Its tone was never more healthy; its funds and finances were never in such good shape; its future was never more full of promise. It has now and then had a greater number of students upon its rolls, but the test by which to measure results

is not found in mere numbers. The great master of Balliol again and again asserted that his success in reorganizing that college, which led on to the practical reorganization of all Oxford, should be attributed to the limited number of students in Balliol when he began his operations and his consequent ability to reach every one of them with his direct personal influence and personal magnetism. I hope that our numbers may grow with a healthy growth, but in the same breath I hope this will never become a large college; that the time will never come when Jones and Smith of the Sophomore class do not speak as they pass because they have never chanced to be introduced. Our membership, like that of many of our best clubs, should be limited to 300 or thereabouts. Then with a Faculty in touch with every student, with simple living, with an atmosphere discouraging extravagance and the vulgarity of waste and display, this college will be at the height of its usefulness, will be doing its full work, and it will be entitled to fill and will fill a distinct and important place among the educational institutions of the land. I believe that if the life and health of our President be spared, the day of full fruition is not distant. The true market value of the diploma of this institution was never higher than now, and the market is a rising market.

You will observe that I have not gone, and am not going, deeply into the questions of difference between the large universities on the American plan, and the college, and for several reasons. First and foremost, because we are here to celebrate, and not to discuss great state questions. Secondly, because I have been wisely but strictly limited by the President to eight minutes, while Choate and Root spent the better part of several months in properly phrasing a few trivial amendments to the constitution of this state, and even the President himself seems to have required at least an hour for a partial discussion of these same questions of difference. And thirdly, because I know very little about them. Yet I am prepared to maintain three propositions:

First—That one can obtain as solid and practical an education here, up to a post-graduate course, as in any of the great universities of the land.

Second—That this can be done at less than half the cost in such.

Third—That, except for the few most level-headed and most

mature students, it can be done at half the risk of shipwreck.

What old graduate can stand here, in this enlarged and beautiful chapel, at the opening of this new era, without recalling the past? Seen through twenty or thirty or more years of active life, years marked for all of us who have survived them by hard work, by petty successes and humiliating defeats, by meetings and partings, joys and sorrows, upon my word the four years passed here seem simply idyllic. Time has leveled the little rough spots. The constant and ever-recurring task, the groanings over the difficult passages and worse meters of the Agamemnon, the monotonous moral science, the metaphysics, the calculus, the stumbling translations in class, the anxiety to be called when prepared, the anxiety lest one be called when he had shirked due preparation, the calm of evening chapel, the walks up and down the hill, most of them with men long since dead and gone, the rooms filled with Virginian incense, the warm friendships, the comfort of the good book and the dressing gown, the rhetorical exercises here, the class politics, the discussion of plans for after life, the solemnity of the society initiation, the importance of the society secrets and of college customs, the lounging on the campus—all are blended by time into one quiet picture, good for the weary men to look back upon.

I attended the thirtieth anniversary of my class and received several distinct impressions. First, the youth of the students surprised me. Our class were of course no older or wiser than the like class today, and there were only a few in it who were younger than myself, but all alike seemed old and mature to me then. In Sophomore year I had probably more confidence in my own judgment or in the judgment of my classmates than I have today in the collective wisdom of the Senate of the United States! Again, the age of the men of my time and the changes in them shocked me. Boys, dapper when we parted, careful as to collars and cuffs and neckties, who would have thought the wearing of an ill-fitting pair of trousers equivalent to loss of property and position, had been changed into grey-headed, long-whiskered, hard-working men of business, or over-worked, careworn clergymen or lawyers, careless of dress, and bearing in face and manner the evidence of the wear and tear of three decades. Another surprise was in the universal shrinkage of dimensions. The limited length, breadth and

height of the audience room of this Chapel as it then was, the limited length, breadth and height of the class rooms and of the sleeping rooms in the college were incomprehensible.

Death and change had removed all the Faculty of our day, save one. Prof. NORTH alone was left—the same learned, gentle, kindly man of thirty years before. He is here today to join in our celebration, and for this, among our other good things, we are devoutly thankful. May God's richest blessing rest upon that man to the last day of his life, and may that life, already carried past the allotted years of three score and ten, be yet long spared to his family, to this College, and to its Alumni, who to a man look upon him with love and veneration.

There was another member of the Faculty who had the entire confidence and high regard of every student. He was a quiet man, with a bushy beard, and with bushy eyebrows covering the brightest of eyes; a man of solid learning, of impressive mien, of great personal dignity, terse, even chary, of speech, but speaking to the point when he did speak—always kind, always commanding profound respect, and yet as simple and unassuming as a child in manner. That was OREN ROOT, the elder, as I remember him. His life work was here, and his work was well done. It is fitting that such a man should have such a monument erected on that very spot yonder, by such a son. It is hard that he could not have lived to see that son standing well up among the half dozen leading members of the bar of the state and nation. I thank God that he did live to see the promise of that of which we have lived to see the fulfilment.

Let us all take new heart and fresh courage from the events of this day. Let us each in our several degrees be faithful to the old institution as these good friends whose generous acts we meet to celebrate have proven themselves faithful. For myself I plead guilty to great dereliction in the past. Possibly for some of my sins of omission I could make fairly reasonable excuse, but for the most of them I find none worthy of presentation. I hope to do better in the future. Few of us can give noble structures or large sums of money, but we can always hold up the hands of our President. We can interest ourselves in the College; we can speak up for it, in season and out of season, and there may be now and then

some of us able to help its treasury or add to its properties a little, and thus all, in one way or another, shall aid and advance the good work."

The Hon. ELIHU ROOT, LL. D., Esq., '64, of New York, with a deliberation of manner, and an impressiveness which cannot here be reproduced, said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board of Trust: It is but a perfunctory office to present that which has already been given. The Hall of Science stands upon a site which has been the property of this institution for more than a century. As every stone was added, one to another, it was devoted to the service of the College. Solid and substantial as the edifice appears, it is the least substantial of all the things which make Hamilton College what it is. The devotion to truth, the love of learning, the noble and simple lives which for more than a century have consecrated this ground, the high endeavor which pervades the atmosphere of this home of learning and of literature, these are the substantial elements of the life that shall endure after the stones and mortar have crumbled into dust, enduring as the life of man and the progress of the world."

Next, HENRY HARPER BENEDICT, A. M., '69, of New York:

"In presenting to Hamilton College the Hall of Languages which in the past few months has risen upon the campus and is now approaching completion, I shall not attempt a labored speech. I can only tell you in the simplest way how the Hall of Languages came to be built. In 1894 I came to Commencement for the first time in twenty years. On the evening of Commencement Day, as I was taking the train for home, Dr. Stryker said, in bidding me goodbye, 'I shall keep my eye on you.' That is how the Hall of Languages came to be built!

Broken health sent me into exile for two and a half years. Dr. Stryker invested a portion of the College funds in five cent postage stamps; wherefore I was compelled to reply, and the result of all this was that, returning home in the autumn of '96, I saw that the time was near when I must face the inevitable.

Most of you will recall a story told by one of the speakers at the last Commencement dinner. A man was coming home late from his club. As he made his uncertain way up the street

he came in contact with a tree. Recoiling some paces, from the shock, he started on again, and directly ran against the same tree. This occurred a third time; then he sank upon the curb stone, and, burying his face in his hands, exclaimed, 'Lost, lost, in an impenetrable forest!' This was my position; and I assert that anybody who runs against Dr. Stryker two or three times will think himself lost in an impenetrable forest. But there was still enough left of me to make an investigation of Hamilton College before deciding to make an investment in Hamilton College. Was Hamilton College dead or dying? In the years that I had been neglecting my alma mater I had fallen out of touch with educational affairs, and accordingly I sought the ablest counsel and asked many questions. I took very little for granted, First I must know whether the great universities had absorbed the functions and taken the place of the college. Today this question seems rather elementary, but it did not seem so then. Today it is clear to me that the functions of the college and those of the university are totally different, and should be kept distinct. The function of the college is to discipline the mind and develop its powers; that of the university is to impart instruction and pursue investigation along special lines. The work of the college is to increase intellectual and spiritual power; the work of the university is to open the way for the application of that power to the conduct of life. A man who is to be an engineer needs instruction in engineering; the university will furnish that instruction, but before this he needs the development, the expansion, the toughening of his mental powers, to render him capable of being an engineer. So of medicine, so of theology, so of anything; the college must lay the foundation, the university must build the superstructure.

We have in this country the widest opportunities in the world. There are no classes across whose boundary lines it is impossible or difficult to pass; anyone who has the ability may go from centre to circumference. Our free institutions and our political equality are our glory and our boast, and we think of the open door to individual success as the way to a higher level of manhood than the rest of the world has known, or ever can reach, until the dawn of the universal republic.

But every question has two sides. Personal ambition, which in America is stimulated to the highest point, is a constant

source of temptation to superficiality. We are feverishly eager for quick results and impatient of preparation. *We* need no forty years in Midian to fit us for law givers and leaders of the chosen people! We want to build without foundation, as the Normans built their cathedrals, forgetful or ignorant of the collapse that is sure to come. Hence the necessity in this country, more than in any other, for the college (the Germans do well to call it the gymnasium) as distinct from the university.

Indeed, I do not think it pressing the argument too far to say that the very existence of the free institutions of which we boast, may depend at last upon the work of the college. The most enthusiastic patriotism can not shut its eyes to the fact that our institutions are still on trial. They have not passed beyond the experimental stage. The problems of republican government are not yet solved. We are the first successful republic, and we have not yet succeeded.

The problems of constitutional liberty must be solved here. Perhaps, alas! the great battle (I speak literally) must be fought here; certainly so, unless we have a deeper discipline, a higher manhood and a more intelligent patriotism than we have at present. This country, then, needs the college—no need, perhaps, is greater. But does she need Hamilton College? Conditions change; new adaptations become necessary; and to all this Hamilton College is alive; but to the essentials of the tried curriculum she is committed, and avoiding crude theories and hasty experiment she will pursue her steady and majestic way. I have found at Hamilton College an enlarged and strengthened Faculty. (New men mostly; some who were coming as I was leaving; and one ever dear face from the still earlier time.) I have found increased endowments and improved equipment; courses of study broadened and deepened to include the ancient culture and reflect the best of modern thought; a fine college spirit and an earnestness of purpose among the students; renewed interest among the Alumni; I have found a President whose versatility, whose breadth of view and whose exhaustive mastery of detail in theory and in practice, are the astonishment of every one who has followed his career since he came to Clinton. For once I wish this modest man were out of sight and hearing, so that I might without indelicacy say a word about him and his work. Or-

ganizer, financier, disciplinarian, teacher, man of affairs, preacher, orator, leader, winning by native gentleness or compelling by resistless force of will, imparting everywhere his own noble enthusiasm and impressing upon every one within his influence the stamp of his splendid Christian spirit.

These are the things that my investigations have revealed to me. My conclusion is that the American college is a necessity, and that Hamilton College is an uncommonly vigorous and lively corpse! To the facts as I found them I appeal for any required justification of my gift to my Alma Mater.

Now comes the question, who should have the credit? Dr. Stryker has attended to every detail of the building of the Hall of Languages, from first to last. I have drawn three checks; he has done the rest. Few things in my life have given me greater pleasure than the drawing of the three checks; few things will ever give me greater pleasure here below than the thought that the usefulness of this College will be enhanced by the possession of the Hall of Languages. I hope other sons and friends of Hamilton will treat themselves to a similar feast. It is a feast that leaves no bitter taste in the mouth and no headache the next morning."

HORACE B. SILLIMAN, LL. D., of Cohoes, was the next speaker. He said:

"Dr. Stryker said to me that I could speak as an adopted son of Hamilton. I have begun to feel as tho I was an adopted father. The relation is a peculiar and most pleasant one. I can go back of where Benedict started. No doubt the eye of Dr. Stryker had much to do with it. But the spirit of Hamilton had more to do with it, twenty years ago implanting in the heart and mind of Mr. Benedict that which is better than what is so much sought after by those who seek the approving murmur of the shallows. In his heart was planted a love of true classical education. Because he was true to the humanities, he built this hall. He did well to build it. It not only gives needed class room, but it will serve as a monument to the classical spirit of Hamilton. Long may she endure and ever broaden in the departments of scholarship. May the proud fame of Hamilton as a classical college be perpetuated as long as Doric simplicity shall be honored, or the acanthus leaf crown with beauty the Corinthian column, or the memory of the be-

loved and honored 'Old Greek' shall endure immortal as the everlasting hills which his long and faithful services have consecrated to pure classical education. The Hall of Science was built in commemoration of a name which always has been, is now, and for many years to come will be, honored in its history and experience. It is built to show that Hamilton is not merely a classical school. While she is not apeing those of more pretensions, she still pretends and intends to give to every student here a fundamental and thoro education in everything which may fit a man for that all around life for which he is made. May this feature of Hamilton College remain. I believe in every sphere of science, which is classified knowledge; everything which teaches history and raises it to a higher level will find a place in Hamilton. There has not been room here before, but there has been room at the top, and Hamilton has filled it, too. Hamilton has never been cowardly in her recognition of the Christian religion. She has always been true and undefiled before God the Father. She has always been faithful in studying the truth. Her young men have been taught that which enables them to say not *creed*, but *credo*. The Hamilton man always says 'I believe it,' and he is not afraid or ashamed to say so. The fathers built well and wisely when they built this Chapel, so that here this element might find lodgment and a home. Today I can congratulate the President, who has had his eye on this buiding also. He has seen to it that everything that shall make attractive this place shall be added to it. May it long have this characteristic. May it give to every young man fixed principles that shall find lodgment in his heart. May the student always retain the memory of the Chapel and the exercises that lifted him above all other sciences and all other language, and which led him to say, 'I believe in truth, and I am not ashamed to advocate and live the truth.' "

The Hon. CHAUNCEY S. TRUAX, A. M., Esq., '75, of New York:

"After having viewed this morning, as I have done, the two magnificent structures which stand as evidence of the love of Hamilton's sons, it is with feelings akin to timidity that I comply with the request of the President, however cordially extended. Of course I realize that in comparison with these offerings, the humble gift of mine is but as the widow's mite, and

for the purposes of celebration nothing is needed but silence, and but little of that. Yet the consideration shown by your President has been gratifying to me because I interpreted it as a recognition on his part of what I would do if I could. No matter how tender may be the recollections of college life, the tenderest and best are those that centre around this dear old Chapel. They are the sweetest of our memories, no matter how reluctantly we may have obeyed the clang of the metal tongue that summoned us to daily duty. Right here have been developed those characteristics that have made Hamilton College respected not only through the length and breadth of this state, but in all this land, producing men who are gifted not only in knowledge, but in impressing that knowledge on the listening and reading public. Every one realizes that to the efforts put forth here much is due of his after success or reputation. Here we were taught to recite and speak what we believed, and as if we believed it. You may call it 'artificial naturalness, but Demosthenes, Cicero and Webster practiced it. We hear a great deal said about the small colleges. Hamilton is classed among them. People forget that the individual should not be judged by his size. David compared with Goliath was a laughing stock. It is the quality of the product that tells; not the quantity. Our graduates are few in number, but their achievements are many. One need but recall the names of Dwight, Charles P. Kirkland, Barnes, Hastings, Hawley and Warner and fifty more to demonstrate our wealth. Hamilton College does not need students so much, but more of that by which her instructors may secure adequate compensation for the services they have rendered and which they will continue to render. And in conclusion let me say for our College what Margaret said to Gavin in 'The Little Minister': 'You're not what I would call particularly large, but you're just the size I like.' "

HAMILTON B. TOMPKINS, A. M., Esq., '65, of New York:

"When good old Dominie Kirkland, with faith in God, in himself, and in the future, founded this institution and expressed the wish that it might grow and flourish, it is pleasant to believe he looked forward and saw this day. As this institution was dear to him, it is dear to us and to its loyal sons who come back bringing their sheaves and endeavoring to carry out the work of its noble founder, Hamilton College

has received much, and altho it needs more, it is still modest and doesn't want the Earth. Under the increase of its funds and its additional stately buildings it did seem as if additional room was needed. To afford space for athletic sports, to enlarge the campus, more room was called for. I have been glad to furnish the addition. I ask you to receive the addition to the campus, and with it the full assurance of my continued interest in the welfare of my Alma Mater."

Response for JOHN R. MYERS. President STRYKER said:

"The gentleman who has given us the Athletic Field is too modest to face this company. His name is JOHN R. MYERS. He is of the class of 1887, a class always distinguished for its numbers and scholarship, and which will be more and more distinguished. At Mr. Myers' request it is to be called after that drill master, who, so long ago, assisted in laying the corner stone of Hamilton Oneida Academy,—Baron Steuben."

Accepting the gifts, the president of the day, Mr. LOCKE, said:

"In behalf of the Board of Trustees and of all the friends of this College, I declare that with full and grateful hearts we accept these munificent gifts. Each is noble in itself—and yet each stands for far more than the amount of money involved, generous as that amount may be. Because the beneficence of each donor today shall be an incentive to other men to go and do likewise. Our benefactors can rest assured that the administration of affairs by the Board of Trustees shall be such as to make the most effective use of these buildings and these grounds for the advancement of the true interests of the College. It has sometimes happened that a donor has lived to regret his bestowal of money for charitable or educational uses. But all may rest assured that so far as it depends upon your Board, no such regret shall follow here, Mere words of thanks—mere expressions of gratitude, seem hollow and unmeaning in such a case as this, and I shall not attempt to utter them. The pace has been set for the Alumni, present and to come. Our prayer is that all may keep it to the best of their ability."

Prof. ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS, Ph. D., '66, responded for the Faculty, in a congratulatory address. He said:

"One would need to be a polyglot or to have a megaphone in order to collect into one expression all the sentiments of this

many-tongued and many-headed Faculty. It might have been proper that our sentiments should have been expressed in all the languages taught here, from Hebrew to Anglo Saxon, so that you might have seen how much we know, or don't know. But for lack of a more scholastic vehicle for our thoughts, we are obliged to come to plain English. You know that when a young lady is to be married and congratulations are somewhere in order, some well-meaning people are often confused as to whether they should congratulate the lady or the gentleman. I am in no such predicament today as to whether I should congratulate the Trustees or the Faculty. I extend congratulations to you both; to you, gentlemen, for all that the generosity of some of your number has enabled you to add to the good name and fame of this hillside, and for the rich and honorable satisfaction which you must have in these splendid results of that large-minded generosity. To the Faculty and the College congratulations are in order for new and ample opportunities. Hamilton is coming to her own, and better still, her own are coming to Hamilton. We know that stone walls can not make a college any more than they can make a church or state; that all that we see is but the shell or the body in which the college, the brotherhood of scholars, the guild of men of letters, lives. We know that the strength of church and state and college lies in its men, its loyal sons, high-minded and large-hearted men who recognize the stewardship of wealth and the privilege of service. May that goodly line in Hamilton never cease.

I am to speak for the Faculty, but I hardly know where to begin. Every faculty has a beginning, but no end. Men may come and go, and classes, too; but the Faculty, like the Board of Trust, goes on forever.

I want to offer congratulations and acknowledgements today in behalf of a Faculty which is not here; who rest from their labors. It is more than a mere fancy with me that they share with us in this rejoicing. If I might grow scriptural without irreverence or encountering the charge of trifling with sacred things, I should say with all seriousness to at least one of your number: 'Your father rejoiced to see this day, and he saw it and was glad.' I believe that he and others with him looked forward to some such day as this. It was with the eye and faith of pioneers that these men labored here. I acknowledge

gratefully and reverently their devotion, their self sacrifice, their poorly-requited toil. We stand on the foundation which they builded, and which they laid broad and deep. I offer you the congratulations of that Faculty who plucked the very stars from the heavens and set them in the crown of Hamilton, a faculty which rifled earth and sea and forest and plain of their treasures; which gathered rock and crystal, and insect, and flower and made those collections which were the marvel of all who saw them. Some of those men wrought in so many lines that it would seem as if they had been superficial in all; and yet they worked so profoundly in each that the wonder is that they had any time for the others. With our modern subdivison of labor, we find it hard to believe that one man could have been a most accomplished mathematician and at the same time an expert in botany, geology, conchology, and mineralogy, besides being thoroly informed in several other studies, such as landscape gardening, and numismatics. There were giants in those days, but they were kindly, simple hearted men who with all their learning felt that like their great predecessor they were simply picking up a few curious stones on the shore of God's ocean of eternal and infinite truth.

And I must express the joy and congratulations of the Faculty which is here, the heirs and successors of those who are gone. Gentlemen, by making our work easier you have made it harder. We know that every new opportunity means added obligations. Better facilities, better service. We shall find it hard I fear, to live up to all this comfort and luxury. It's all very well to say that a hemlock plank with a great teacher at one end is a good enough university for the ambitious student at the other end. I think that even Mr. Garfield might have imbibed his philosophy with a little more relish if Mark Hopkins could have listened to him in such new halls as these. I confess for myself that I feel even more devout and worshipful in a beautiful room like this than in a barn. There is a refining and uplifting influence in such surroundings. I can understand the great influence which comes from fine and historic environments. The boy at an English school or university is constantly under the eyes of the great spirits of the past. Their very forms and faces look down upon him from the walls out of canvas or marble. These are the men who made Eng-

land what she is. They played cricket or football at Harrow or Eton or Rugby; and then they played rougher games at Waterloo and Trafalgar. These are the men who led her armies and fought her battles and made her laws. These are they who in church and state, as statesmen, bishops, orators, scholars, have made the name of England great and honored around the globe. It is a splendid thing to feel oneself in touch with such a company; to feel the thrill of a common nationality, intellectually and spiritually; to know that the tongue of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Sidney, and Bacon is your tongue. I see in my fancy those bare and new walls decorated with whatever will give help or inspiration to the student. Faces of the far distant or the nearer past, maps, photographs, casts, all manner of illustrative work. Gentle-you have made it easier to climb the hill than it was twenty-five years ago. There's more to come for. It is easier to go to the Klondike now than it was three years ago. No matter how difficult of access, if you bury treasure there, men will seek it out.

But my congratulation lengthens out. It would be no extravagance for me to express the acknowledgments of that Faculty which is to come; which will not have the opportunity of saying this to you for themselves. You have put the future also in your debt, and that's the only way a man can pay his debts to the past. You have builded not for today or tomorrow, but for the ages. For all the past and future from Azel Backus down to Wilhelm Boesche, and those who shall succeed, I express hearty acknowledgements and congratulations.

I think it more than a happy accident that these two halls, of science and language, should rise on this hill, side by side at once and moving forward side by side to completion. The humanities and the sciences have not always been the best of friends. They have too often been stout and angry with each other. But the word science is losing its narrow application. Science is organized knowledge in contrast with undigested knowledge. Let us, on this happy occasion, hail the marriage, at least on this hillside, of these not estranged pursuits and let us wed them both to reverence and faith. Let science see thro nature to nature's God. Let language sound the depths of the human spirit and trace the struggles of the soul after a

higher power and life; and over all let there brood the spirit of faith, culture sanctified by faith and charity, so that no light which is kindled here shall lure men to shipwreck but shall guide and help them on their way."

"We want Black!" was the strong shout thrice repeated by the students, and as the Governor arose he was greeted with rousing cheers. Governor BLACK said:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I will not detain you long, but I wish to express my interest in this celebration. Every school will rejoice with you at the great prosperity which now distinguishes the career of Hamilton College. And when the schools rejoice the country must pay attention, for in the halls and at the desks are now developing those forces on which the welfare of the future will depend. Struggle is always the order of existence. It is the price we pay for living. It extends to every spot where natural laws hold sway. The centres of trade and population are no more its subjects than the remote and sheltered crevice, where the smallest forms of life contend for existence. Contention is the root of every enterprise and the cause of many failures. A blessing today, a curse tomorrow, it is still the order everywhere. We cannot change this tendency, for it is fixed and immutable, and the motions of the universe depend upon it. But insignificant as we are, we may still impress ourselves upon and in some measure guide the forces whose influence will be felt forever. We cannot stop the war, but we can aid whichever side we choose. Character, charity, the graces and sublimities of life, are not so high but that every man can crowd them up a little higher, and after all is said, these are the great things for which the wise and valiant have always striven.

Thro all the history of the world the struggle has been mainly between the uper and the under. Equality will never be attained. One must have the mastery. In this fact lies the scholar's opportunity. He may throw his strength for education in the fight against ignorance, for integrity against dishonor. He will have much to do, for the forces against him are naturally stronger than his own. In the struggle between vice and rectitude, between enlightenment and barbarism, the disposition, but not the course, tends slightly downward, for there is in morals and in civilization a law of gravitation, and

the side which pulls toward the ground has the advantage which the law provides. It is easy to stand on the earth, but it is difficult to remain long above it. To stay in the valley where we are calls for no effort, but to climb the hill requires labor from which the majority will shrink. The view from the summit may be clear and enticing, but it must be earned at the cost of long and arduous endeavor.

It is your duty and your great distinction, gentlemen of Hamilton College, to encourage that love of contemplation, that intimacy with the ideal and the generous, that subjective strength; which makes men feel and understand that the great triumphs of the world must be achieved by the close alliance of intelligence, morality and courage. You must enlist in the cause of enthusiasm and resolve that the cause will feel the stimulus of your contact and support, and the tendency of the struggle will rise steadily toward a clearer atmosphere. Hamilton College has had an illustrious career. Her sons have adorned the various pursuits of life and attained the rewards of long and brilliant service. That they remember now the college which helped and sustained them in their youth is to her credit and their own. The cause of education will commend and praise them, and this occasion will be to them a proud and lasting tribute.

Perhaps I shall be forgiven if I extend to you my sincere congratulations that the presidency of this college is held by one whose attainments as a scholar, as an orator, as an executive, are attracting the attention of the appreciative and thoughtful everywhere. You know and admire him, but your association is so close and personal that I have yielded to this temptation to show him to you as a stranger sees him.

I thank you for the kindness which has filled this day with pleasure and which now fills me with reluctance for its close.'

President STRYKER then gave the following address :

"IT IS MY EARNEST WISH THAT THE INSTITUTION MAY GROW AND FLOURISH ; THAT ITS ADVANTAGES MAY BE PERMANENT AND EXTENSIVE ; AND THAT UNDER THE SMILES OF THE GOD OF WISDOM IT MAY PROVE AN EMINENT MEANS OF DIFFUSING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, ENLARGING THE BOUNDS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS, AIDING THE REIGN OF VIRTUE AND THE KINGDOM OF THE BLESSED REDEEMER."

So spake Samuel Kirkland when long ago he freighted this enterprise with his gifts and his prayers and committed it to the waves of time. The faith of that good man is still a legacy and a benediction, and we adopt its calm and stately phrase as the utterance of our own well-warranted hope for that which shall here continue and increase when all of us are dead.

With mutual congratulations, with abundant greetings to the friends who today gather with us, and above all with gratitude and thanksgiving to Him whose grace is our present enlargement and our warrant for expectancy, we are assembled. *Hail to the day*, to the loyal and generous friends who have made it, to those who in long years to come shall share its benefits, to those whom it shall summon to new confidence and incite to emulation, and to the venerable and ever youthful College of our Love!

My formal share in this occasion shall be the cheerful task of reminiscence and a sketch of things hoped for. I say my formal share—my inner and personal gratitude must go unspoken, not, perhaps, unguessed.

Five years ago this month, with far more of timidity than would have been wise to have told, I gave myself to the duties of an office whose exactions and possibilities of failure I even then partly comprehended. Gratitude compelled me. I was under no hallucinations. I had at least measured the situation. I trusted the constituency of Hamilton and I longed to see her right to be and to increase vindicated. No day of these five years has found me sorry or doubtful, and now with larger hope than ever, and daring in God's help the undeciphered future, I pledge myself anew with good heart and willing service to the deepening and broadening influences which are our destiny and our whole desire.

First of all, I am thankful to the friendliness and growing faith of those who have been graduated since 1892, and of the men now classed here. Not all at once have I found the good will which, if it cannot be deserved and secured, must in its lack shut the main door of usefulness and peace. There have been emergencies; but they now in the aorist, and a certain cynical and captious temper toward the College and its constituted authority has gone for good. From those who once imposed some difficult ordeals I have long since had the most convincing assurances of good will, and, what is far more of

importance, of their utmost zeal and loyalty for the mother of us all. Confident that if one is determinedly just and not ungente he may be sure of ultimate respect, I have tried to stand *there*, and for whatever cordiality has been added I have humbly thanked God. I must resent and repudiate the false theory that — if each is genuine and frank — there need be any gap in good fellowship between teacher and student.

Of all my duties here, most I value that opportunity which permits me the large share of the religious services in this room. Some of these College Sundays I shall never forget.

With all recognition of the open hands that have amplified and adorned this Chapel, let us give it anew to the breath of worship and the word of the living God. Here may the supreme sanctions chasten and charter all other gains of knowledge, and many a soul say of this room,— I was born there !

After this necessary recess of seven weeks we return with unexpected appreciation to the old ways. May the day never dawn that shall find our venerable tradition of daily prayer and praise forsworn or undervalued. The education that forgets God omits its major premise. It is reverence and righteousness that cleanse and lift all true ideals, that make decision quick and sure, that sturdy and steady the heart, that give respect for all the holy mystery of living. The trustful are the trusty. Only a sense of God can fit us to be profoundly helpful men. Our constant assembling here is of no small value in solidifying that mutuality of interest and concern which is of the essence of the intense commonweal so vital to a true college. I pity the schools of whatever size and fame where the undergraduates have no obligation to meet as a unit for all their four years. Nor do I forget the many influences that in this room have nourished patriotism. Not without permanent effect have these walls rung with the quoted eloquence of great leaders and the nation's songs. The periods of Webster and Curtis sent many a boy down the Hill to the great war. With her Continental colors Hamilton may well stand for loyalty to the flag which in this county first rustled to the air. By the eagerness of a generous friend a broad American flag has this year been sent, in the name of the College, to all the four hundred school-houses of Oneida.

I congratulate the present classes upon the numbers that five years have augmented from 125 to 160. You will talk of
L. of C.

this day to your boys, and will be glad you cast in your lot with Hamilton when she was growing in numbers and facilities. But men are primary. Spirit, not numbers, must be our first thought. Let honest work still grow among us who now are here. Let all littleness, and clannishness, and petty politics die down, and let a common loyalty make ours an uncommon life. Let every man count one, no more, no less. This hill-side has never bred snobbery nor simpering. The keenest standards of downright manliness and courageous fidelity to principle cannot be too good for our daily use. Noble individuality claims something far more valid and genial than a cold external decorum—even an ardent conscientiousness, an unpretended sympathy, a generous and expectant heart! God grant us that, and men may come and men may go,—Hamilton will last.

A college is a great beneficiary institution. Its members are admitted to privileges for which they can offer no equivalent in coin : but which a noble use can both recognise and advance. Character cannot be bought or bestowed—it comes to those who, to use the terms of a rather raw maid-servant, “do their own reaching”! The men we want here are men who, with indomitable pluck, by resoluteness, and tenacity, and conscientious grit, shall conquer obstacles, as this son of Dartmouth conquered them who has come to the headship of this splendid state of New York, and who today honors as a thrice-welcome guest our glad thanksgiving.

For the Faculty of Hamilton, first let me point to its increase in numbers, then testify to their efficiency and fidelity, and best, to their unity of purpose, undisturbed by clique or cabal. These have been years when theory and administration have been much methodized, when control has been recognized, and impartiality has deserved and found respect, when the curriculum has been greatly enlarged and enriched.

There is an undivided purpose for the common good. There are no soft and shoddy courses. We are trying our best to do a work which graduating men and our successors will honor.

Sure that “Simple duty hath no place for fear,” many of you, my brethren in this sweet and sacred charge, have waited longer and less impatiently than I, for such signs as now glance brightly of a great *renaissance*.

Let us again charge ourselves to remember what our ideals for this College should include and what exclude,—what a College may be and may have, yet not be great.

Beyond all inculcation is the fine and sure contagion of the scholarly instinct: but beyond that is the personal contact and compulsion of character. Our examples as diligent students and learners, must be crowned by our examples as true men. Not to fail, we must inspire others to live, for life's own sake. This implies life, both mental and moral. To evoke another's best, to rouse aptitude and stimulate the particular man toward excellent ambition, to beckon and encourage—this is our calling. Such work it is makes the "small college" large.

Professor Nash in his powerful recent treatise upon "The Genesis of the Social Conscience" quotes (and it is most apposite to our immediate thought)—quotes Addison's saying concerning the clergyman who belonged to the Spectator's Club, that "whenever he attended its meetings he gave each member of it a new taste for himself."

And our Trustees. They stand solidly for an honest stewardship, and to their wise hands large things may safely be committed. They have a living interest and are pledged to hopefulness and advance. Their time and influence is cheerfully given. They have offered the best guarantees of their faith in Hamilton by their fidelity to her concerns.

Good friends, it is a privilege to share your counsels, to experience your courtesy, and to be responsible to your judgment.

"God's ways seem dark: but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day."

In these years of waiting I have often taken comfort from a fine sentence of Henry Ward Beecher's,— "I do not know from what quarter of the sky the first blue bird will come in the spring: but I know that the spring will come on the wings of a thousand birds!

You have stood watch in some ragged weathers and past bleak coasts: but now we are rounding the Cape of Good Hope and homeward bound. Eighty-five years, and all's well!

When on the 17th of January, 1893, you risked much upon an uninsured venture, you listened kindly to an inaugural thesis wherein I dared to outline many needs and prospective advances. Some of those remarks I now recall to you.

I spoke of our chapel spire. Then and there one undertook

its repair, which was effected at the cost of \$1,300. Our chapel, the same, and yet how different, stands as a mosaic where many tributes join toward a full result. The old interior could not have been dearer to any of you than it was to me, but from the first I longed and planned for the day when we could spare its rear rooms, and enlarge it to these good dimensions, worthy now for all its constant uses, and destined I trust to be the scene of all our after Commencement days. We are grateful for the hospitality of the old Stone Church in Clinton, and still shall often claim its continuance; but let the great day be here. It will be popular with our alumni beyond the most ardent prediction. They will feel that they have come home, and with all their gathering tribes will say, "Peace be within thy walls!"

Chauncey S. Truax, of '75, has built this noble apse. It is to be no aching void. Before the end of January next it will contain an organ, costing \$4,000, the gift of Henry Harper Benedict, of the class of '69.

Our good friend, Dr. Silliman, who has provided for this main room, could not, with any equal sum, have done so much to better our estate. Here stands the beautiful new pulpit furniture, the gift of one whose husband loved this college, and his name is now upon the chair he founded—the "Walcott" chair. The Hymnals here to be used are the gift of the President of today, Franklin Locke. And I am this morning able to announce that under Mr. Locke's leadership the Alumni of Western New York will contribute \$2,000 for the renewal of the vestibule and stairways and front windows, to comport with all the rest. Then this dear old building will be good for another eighty years. I confidently hope to see these windows filled one by one with beautiful glass in portraiture and memorial of many of our most revered officers and graduates of old whose voices were once heard here, and whose works do follow them.

That winter Tuesday I also spoke of Fellowships and a Hall of Science. From the same hand that rebuilt the spire the Root Fellowship and the Root Hall of Science have come, and unrequested. This filial memorial to Oren Root, L. L. D., '33, who so cheerfully gave this College all his noble life, is dear for the name that it honors, for the hand that gives it, and for its proof and prophecy of how love to this College continues from generation to generation. *In memoriam esto*

perpetua. Truly here has been a radical friend. Nor is this all. For by his persistency and acumen, for us and for all concerned, the Fayerweather bequests have been upheld against long and shrewd controversy in all the New York courts. The latest appeal to Federal jurisdiction must postpone, but it is confidently believed cannot thwart a testament sustained by so many and various decisions, nor hinder us from duly receiving the whole of considerably more than \$100,000.

I spoke, then, of the division of certain departments, and now Elocution is no more combined with English Literature. Biology and Chemistry now are distinct. Also American History has been made a separate chair, under the exceptional and unconstrained loyalty to his known wishes of the wife and son of Publius V. Rogers, '46. This faithful Utican knew this College and loved it well, and set a lifelong and final example of zeal for its power and fame that future citizens well may emulate. Oneida county has contained and shall contain nothing of better fame than this prayer-planted and time-withstanding school. Some of her youth have gone further but have fared no better. Well may all this region accent the good report of its well-placed College and augment the usefulness of that in which they have a birthright share.

There is nothing in New York, or in New England either, that can assure a more adequate and symmetrical discipline for stout and capable life work. We will do no whining when here and there the son of an Alumnus is caught in the suction of Connecticut or New Jersey—the drift is strong and the allurements are many: but we will live to make those who resist these satisfied and glad.

One day last March, the offer and promise was made of the Hall of Languages. Work was begun within a week. There it stands, not quite completed, but showing all that it will be a few weeks hence. It has been built well within the appropriation, and in its solid beauty will endure with its twin Hall of Science as a silent but constant education. It fills the south end of the quadrangular middle campus. The "back campus" with its former unsightlinesses is gone. "Good luck" to the warm hand of its modest giver and hurrah for '69. Nor will I now omit to speak of the charming well-house that '97 has

erected. It is exemplary, and the pledge of a loyal and beloved class.

The site of this College is itself an idyll—"the elms and the poplars weaving a well shaded grove." The campus has had much recent care, and for its care there have been many generous personal contributions here heartily owned. Thanks to the ready hand of Hamilton B. Tompkins, '65, its extent is this year more than doubled, reaching now the expanse of more than ninety acres. The undergraduates appreciate the gift that incited and made possible the summer's work upon the athletic ground now to be named, at the request of its patron, John R. Myers, '87, the STEUBEN FIELD. Under Mr. Myers' cordial provision all that yet remains to be done by way of grading and filling will be completed in 1898. May it witness many a generous rivalry both between classes and guests, and never be shadowed by envy or unfairness. Hamilton stands squarely for honest competition. Games or events may sometimes misgo: but honor never. With that proviso we will play for all we are worth.

I urged, on that same day, the needs of the Library, and the fifth annual appropriation of \$1,000 is now in force. Our needs go further, but the gear is at least lubricated. The \$2,000 bequest for the historical alcove made by our noble late Henry Kendall, '40, is soon to be applied. A Librarian's whole time is now given to the books and their readers.

I urged then, and urge once more, our great need of Scholarships. There have been slight additions: but we want some believer in Hamilton's opportunity to furnish \$50,000 for this good use. What we have is made to go as far as it can go: but twice what we have would mean much enlarged classes. This is an investment in picked men, and benefaction can assure no more specific returns.

But things are coming our way, and our song today is all in the major key. We have better apparatus and appliances of all kinds. The new waterworks is one marked gain for convenience and for health. We are moving, and shall not stop. When the day comes, if it should come, that we cease to advance, I shall be sure that my work is done, and that it is time to surrender the captaincy to better hands. Meanwhile I will hold on and rejoice. And I say a little Latin to those who are seeking the

joy of wise investment while they live—"si quæritis Collegium, adspicite!"

We are not asking for ourselves: but for our time, our country, and for God. I take Paul's literal word for it—"the Lord loveth an *hilarious* giver." There is no such sweet fun as generosity. We have made good beginning—a year that in realty and endowment increases us by over \$200,000 is to be "writ large" in our annals: but we want (of course at suitable short intervals) several more years of the same kind. Against some future festal day I mention, first, a *Hall of Philosophy*, suitable to house Philosophy and Ethics, History, Rhetoric and Law. It will come, unless all signs fail, and it shall stand to seal the quadrangle on the north. Then shall our dormitories be at last rid of their incongruous recitation rooms. Next, I greatly desire a substantial *Commons Hall*, where not without butter the whole college can eat its daily bread. For I am certain that all that centralizes the college life intensifies it. We want right on this campus the most compact and coherent assembling, in which, professors and students, in an active and responsive community of learning and of life, shall each feel and enlarge every other. We want a place where at all times returning graduates can be at home. By and by the tide will set so strong for the emphasis of locality that we shall need, and get, a *Kirkland Inn*, and without disreputable attachments. Can I too strongly plead for all that throws us close together—one whole eager guild of men, for the four initial years, and the forty more, in which, more than in the ruddiness of their beginning, the collective and unitary fellowship of a true and life-long college bond is realized. All that identifies us with all the rest is good, and all else is inferior. Let us, having one mother, become one family, with the whole daily and perennial spontaneity of close contact. Open every circuit and this hill-side will be illuminated by something brighter than dynamos can furnish. And then when the tide is flowing strong some good heart shall "come to the kingdom" with a grand *Dormitory*. And then shall rise a thoro modern *Laboratory of Chemistry*, and a fire-proof *Library*, and a stone *Observatory*, mindful of old fame, whence shall peer into "the wide awe and wisdom of the night" one of the great telescopes of the world—bearing on one side the name of PETERS and on the other of

LITCHFIELD! And of course we want several of our Professorial Chairs to have solidier legs.

Meanwhile someone will furnish us that golf-course, and that swimming-tank, and that bowling alley. Oh, they will all come, and in a splendid campanile tower rising where "Kirkland's folly" stood, a chime of bells, votive to the 184 Federalists who went down from here to the great war, and votive to America's God, shall ring "Home, Sweet Home," while the heroic bronze of Alexander Hamilton shall stand with that grace and fire he plead with at the Poughkeepsie Convention, and which somehow and so long has been indigenous to the College that bears his name and ever keeps his fame as one of its choicest themes.

Remember, my quizzical friends, that the prime function of the prophet is to introduce what he foretells. Some voice, would to God it might be mine,—but *some* voice, shall hail the day when all these visions shall be realities, and three hundred students (that's my mark!) shall shout under the same old Blue and Buff and make these very walls rattle their long Amen. I am not ashamed of my hope, and shall not be.

It is coming, and our business is to expect it, to get by the shoulders and pull it over the line of the dawn. Here's to the Hamilton that has been, and that now is, and that surely is to be! *Rah!* for it, and *ready!* It has been a late, but is already a passing fashion, to encroach upon, to patronize, to disparage, the function of the true college; to emphasize the technical as if it alone were the practical; to crowd out by the specialistic that which is prior, primary, and inseparable from every efficient work—the *disciplinary*.

The A. B. is in some quarters bestowed under a sophistical theory that borrows its more difficult *imprimatur* to cover the courses that would get its historical distinctiveness and distinction without meeting its well-tested demands. Not here! Let those who think that "one study is as good as another" exalt their appropriate bachelor degrees, and stamp alleged "equivalents" with their true titles. So will we do, even if we stand alone in it, nor attempt with the imitation of Esau's hands to claim what the voice of Jacob should ask in vain. The best extant credit of the genuine A.B. is its imitation; but the *petitio principii* lacks both cogency and comity.

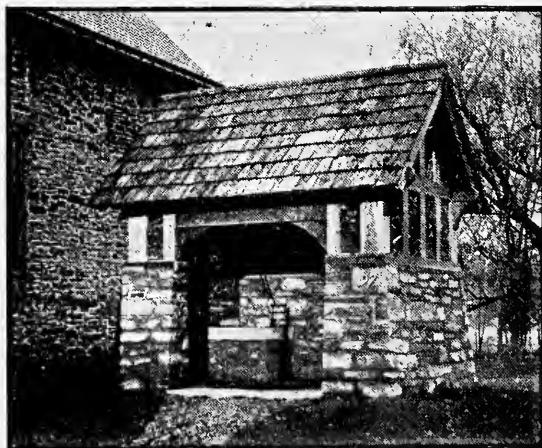
As I end I must not fail to express my gratitude to the

faithful mechanics whose handiwork has gone into all these completing results, and my joy that no accident has marred our satisfaction. Also I must name the ubiquitous competency of our superintendent. It is an early Sophomore and an early task that gets up in the morning before Cornelius deRegt! I have had in him my shrewdest counsellor of detail and management, and the most efficient of executives. Without his promptness and minuteness these \$60,000 could not have been administered with the thoroness and economy which they have attained. Nor will I cease and not have voiced our joy that one whose modesty refused the place prepared for him on this day's program is still ours. What is a trifle like fifty-four years? Why, he will be teaching Theocritus to our grandsons! He and Victoria hold the records!

I am loth to let you go. This autumnal day fading toward its brown twilight is all too short for our merriment and our thanksgiving. We have stood in a zone of light and love where we would fain tarry longer. Your presences have helped make "sun in winter." In the name of that intangible, invisible spirit—the *College*—the *College we love*, I bid you all, dear guests, a true goodbye.

May you all again—

"pay one visit here,
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year."



These names should be added to the still far imperfect list of the guests of November 16th: Hon. Henry J. Cookinham, '67; Hon. John W. Church, '72; Rev. Charles H. VanWie, '74.

Since the occasion which this pamphlet records, scores of letters from Alumni and friends have been received, glowing with satisfaction and enthusiasm. They must all put it down to come next time; for there is a 'next time' coming. The date is not yet made! But that date can be advanced by a new zeal and by that multiplication of individual effort in which every one of us who loves the old College shall see that he himself is counted in.

We can talk of HAMILTON and her plans and place and promise to the men who have boys to send to college.

We can all stand in with the Alumni Fund scheme, the report of which for last June is on a later page here repeated.

We can commend HAMILTON to *investors* who are trying to use the "perilous stuff" where they can see it begin to do good before their heirs get a chance to haggle over a residuum. A building here, a chair there, an alcove yonder, and a few interstitial scholarships. *Exegisti monumentum!* Let us teach that—and learn it. And at the remotest,—“where there's a *will* there's a way”! Perhaps not the best way, but not the worst.

And we (for surely the first person plural is our strong hold) can come up the hill next June and give a great rousement to the first Commencement day held on our own domain.

In a Common Council meeting, an ingenuous alderman rose and said—“As to this wooden pavement, gentlemen, all that is necessary is that we put our heads together and the thing is done”! But all that we need, (everything is possible to this) is that we put our hearts together. *Ubi cor ibi manus.* Which is also Latin.

The Root HALL OF SCIENCE will be open for use by December 6th.

The Benedict HALL OF LANGUAGES will be ready for full occupancy by the very first of second term.

The CHAPEL ORGAN will begin to be placed December 21st, and should be ready for opening by January 10th.

The completion of the filling and grading of the STEUBEN FIELD will be undertaken early in the spring.

Hamilton Alumni Fund.

JUNE, 1897.

The plan adopted by the General Alumni Association, under which every Hamilton Alumnus was invited to become a subscriber to a current General Fund, is now three years old. The first year it yielded \$1187, the second year \$1239, and for this year \$1322 is reported, as follows:

CLASS	AMOUNT	PERSONS	CLASS	AMOUNT	PERSONS
1839 . . .	\$ 1.	1	1871 . . .	\$ 70.	5
1841 . . .	20.	1	1872 . . .	20.	2
1842 . . .	250.	2	1873 . . .	67.	10
1846 . . .	3.	1	1874 . . .	15.	2
1847 . . .	10.	1	1875 . . .	75.	7
1848 . . .	10.	1	1876 . . .	10.	1
1850 . . .	5.	1	1877 . . .	15.	2
1851 . . .	55.	2	1878 . . .	20.	1
1856 . . .	5.	1	1879 . . .	10.	1
1857 . . .	100.	1	1881 . . .	15.	2
1858 . . .	10.	1	1882 . . .	26.	2
1859 . . .	10.	1	1883 . . .	30.	2
1861 . . .	25.	1	1886 . . .	10.	1
1862 . . .	50.	2	1889 . . .	10.	1
1863 . . .	5.	1	1890 . . .	10.	1
1864 . . .	100.	1	1896 . . .	1.	1
1865 . . .	57.	2			
1866 . . .	50.	1		\$1252.	66
1867 . . .	50.	1	From non-graduates,	70.	3
1869 . . .	22.	1			
1870 . . .	10.	1		\$1322.	69

61 Subscribers (\$442.) have not paid this year.

The Class of '73 holds the record for numbers participating.

This plan is again called to your attention and regard. No definite sum is urged: but it is urged that every one should bear an individual part. We care more for the *many* than the *much*. A very small sum from each will be a large aggregate from all. Any subscriber may withdraw by simple notification. The contributions for 1897-98 will be due "on or before May 1st," 1898. Your name promptly sent to the College Treasurer, Dr. T. B. Hudson, Clinton, with however small amount you see fit to specify, will be a stimulus to this beginning (it is only that, as yet,) which will help to draw all of us closer together and closer to the Alma Mater whose cause claims our memory and our tributes. This scheme has been such a success elsewhere, and in many ways so influential, that we may well continue these reminders.

THEODORE M. POMEROY, '42,
Chairman of Committee.



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